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BROADWAY MAGAZINE

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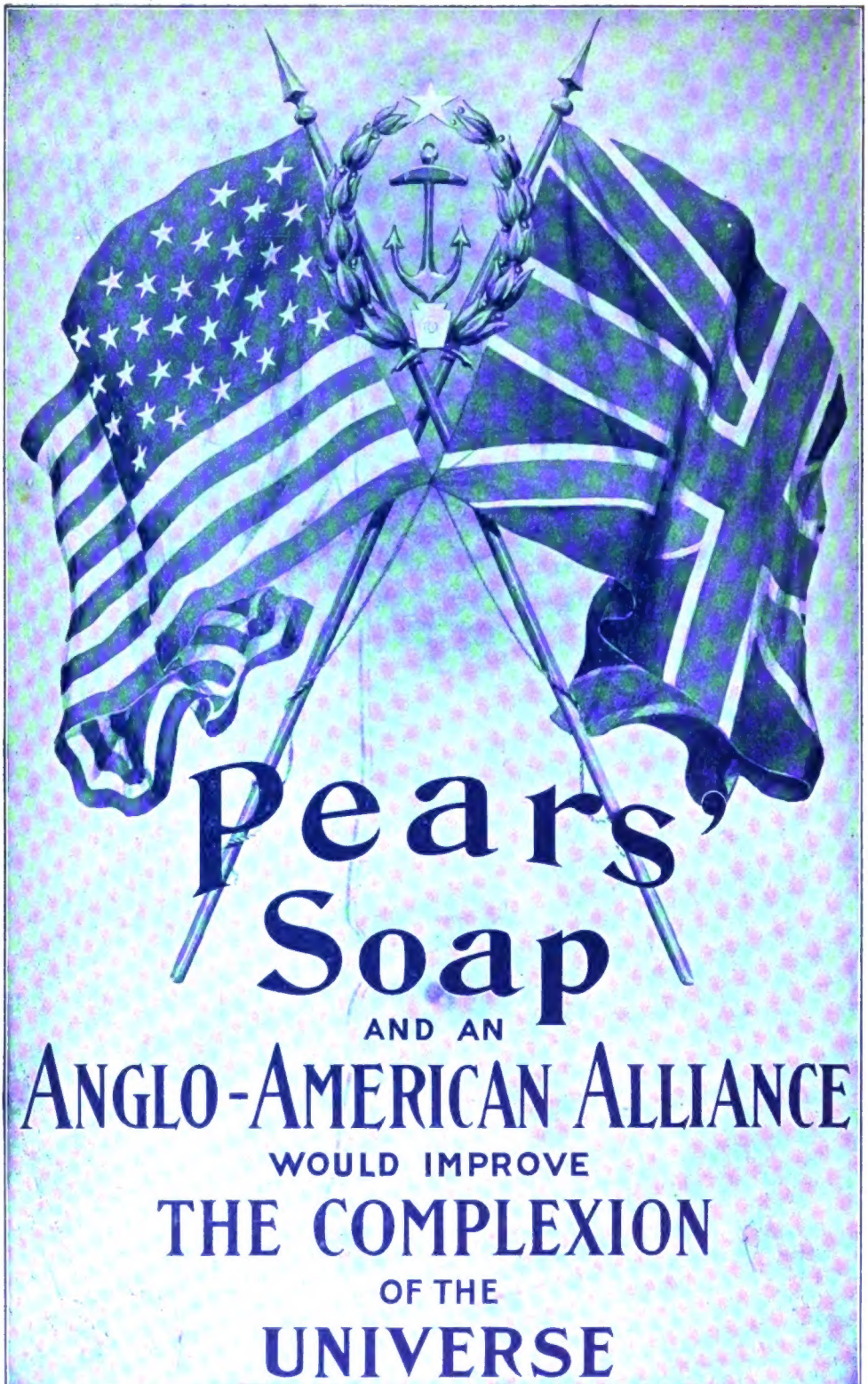

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Photo by Nadarz.

DORA MELISSIER, ONE OF THE PRETTIEST WOMEN ON THE FRENCH STAGE.

Mdlle. Melissier is of the burlesque school, and her lingerie sets the styles in Paris.

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BOUDOIR AMENITIES

"My husband is a great lover of the beautiful!"

"Indeed, he is. I should think you would almost feel jealous sometimes.

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From Wash Drawing by Dudley Hardy.

EUNICE EVANISIA HOTSPUR, THE CELEBRATED YOUNG THING WHO MADE SUCH A PHENOMENAL WIN ON "GOLF SOCKS" IN THE RECENT PENNYANTE HANDICAP AT HOGSHEAD BAY.

From a sketch of Miss Hotspur, made after the artist had counted up his losses.

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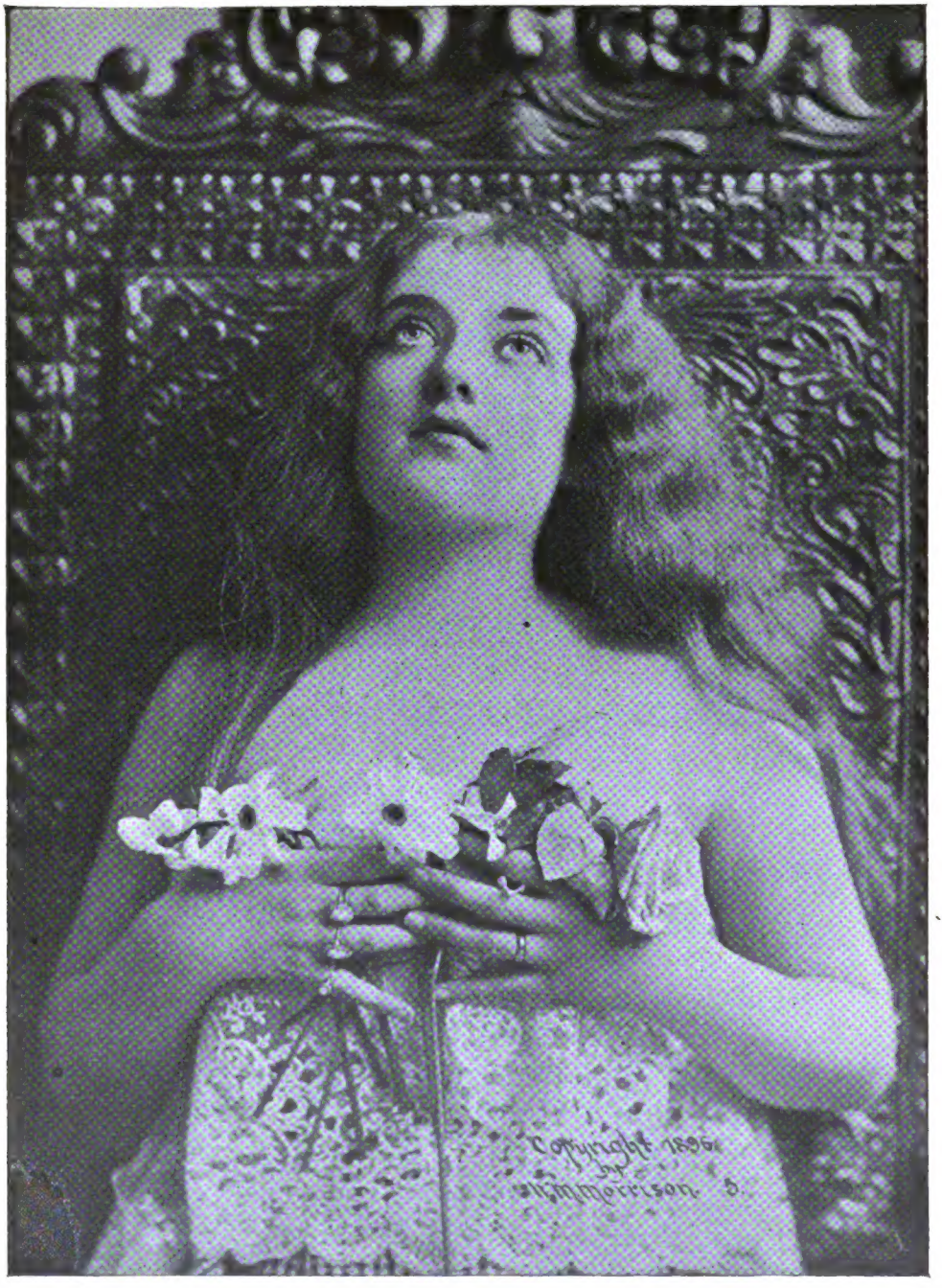

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MISS BESSIE CARL HOLDING THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN A PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

We might tell you that Miss Carl had just been out in the meadow gathering wild flowers, but we loathe falsehood. Miss Carl hasn't time for wandering down where the peonies grow, and she allows the photographer to furnish the flowers with the camera.

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Photo by Reutlinger.

AIMEE BERINGER, A BEAUTY OF THE GYMNASE.

(*See Series "Reutlinger's Latest Photos From Paris.*)

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PAULA EDWARDES, ONE OF THE PRETTY AMERICAN GIRLS WHO WENT TO ENGLAND WITH THE NEW YORK CASINO COMPANY.

Miss Edwardes is one of the cleverest of the younger school of native stage women, and has made an excellent impression in the Morton and Kerker pieces.

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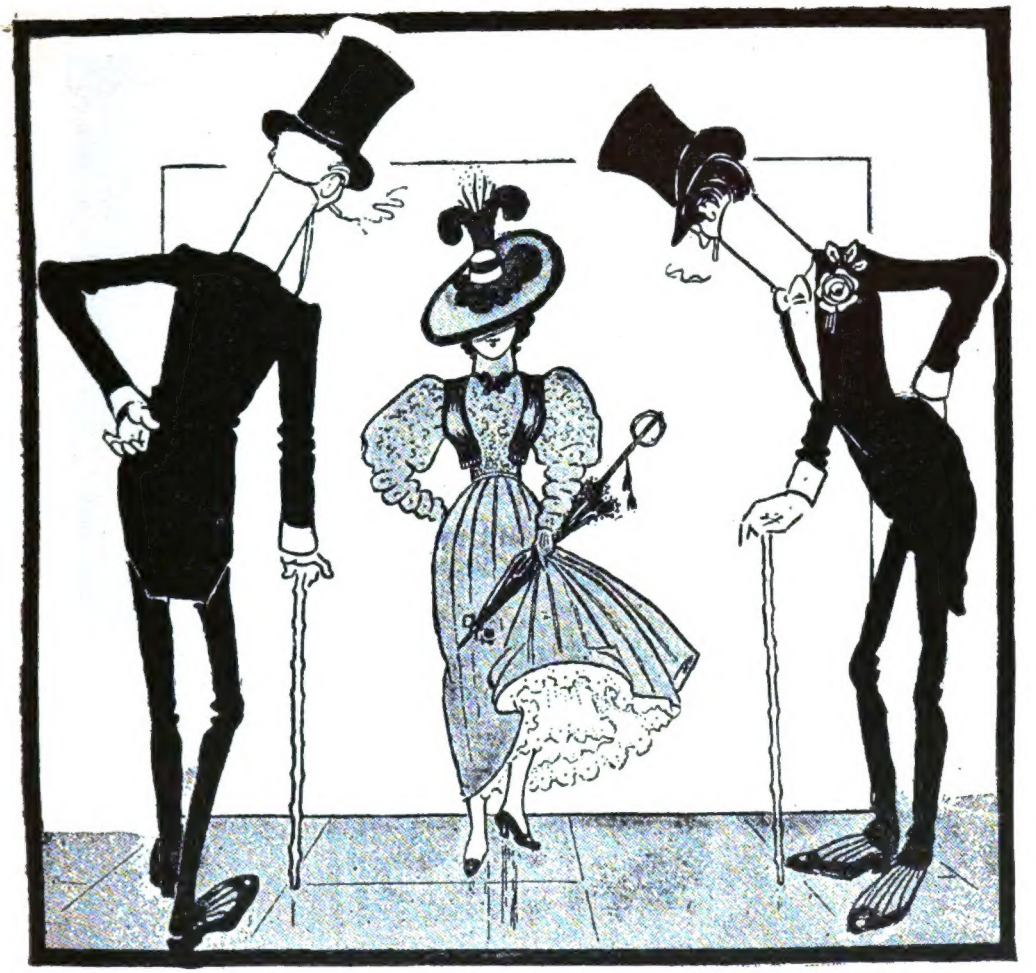

CHARLEY OXX, REGGIE PEACHSTONE AND DOLLIE CASINO. FIND OUT WHICH ONE LIKES A BIRD AND A SMALL BOTTLE.

Then try to find the two who will furnish the capital. Mail answer in carefully sealed envelope to this office.

HER BELLIGERENCY.

"It was very plucky of you, ma'am, to have set upon the burglar and so ably captured him," said the police sergeant, "but need you have injured him so badly?"

"How did I know it was a burglar?" asked the woman. "I'd been up three hours waiting for my husband. I thought it was him."

A FELLOW FEELING.

At a wedding ceremony several women present were moved to tears by the address of the clergyman.

"Papa," whispered a little girl to her father, "what are those ladies crying for?"

"No doubt they are married themselves," was the reply.

"How can you say I don't love you, I've kissed you thirty times in the last two minutes."
"But if you loved me you wouldn't keep count."

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JUST TO SHOW THAT SHE WAS UP LATE LAST NIGHT.

(*See article "Dottie Dimples at the Seashore."*)

REACTION.

O'Hoggarty—How is poor Duffy comin' on now?

M'Lubberty—It's nearly recovered he is from the b'atin' he gev his woife last Satherday noight.

READY TO OBLIGE.

He—If we should decide to elope to-morrow night, do you think you could get your trunk packed in time?

She—Oh, yes; pa and ma would help me!

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A CERTAIN UNCERTAINTY.

She—I am quite sure you had too much champagne when you called on me yesterday afternoon.

He—Yes; I thought I'd just catch you on the beach to-day to see if I was engaged to you.

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Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Photo by Schloss.

LA LISKA, THE DANCER.

She also enjoys the pleasure and distinction of being Gerome Edwardy's sister.

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BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. I. JULY, 1898. No. 4.

SOME VERY BUSY FEET.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY HALL, SARONY AND SCHLOSS.

FEET were certainly made for something more than walking. I'm not quite sure that this is a brilliant or original remark. At any rate, it starts me in on a subject that is fruitful in opportunities for bringing out from the privacy of their summer estates, the well known young women who make their living by the artful and continuous use of their feet.

Photo by Hall.

JUST TETINIA

Photo by Hall.

AND ONCE AGAIN.

You will notice that I said "young" women. That's just what I mean. The idea that dancers must necessarily be one hundred and eight and the great-great grand-mother of sundry broods of little folk was exploded long ago. Every one of those whose pictures appear with this erudite article is young and you can tell by their pictures how pretty they are.

Photos by Hall.

THREE PICTURES OF SAHARET, THE BRISKEST DANCER OF THEM ALL.

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Photo by Hall.

SAHARET READY TO BREAK INTO DANCE.

Photo by Hall.

SAHARET SMILES, IT'S SO EASY.

Saharet probably has the busiest feet of them all. She is a pretty little black-haired woman with snappy eyes and vivacious manner. She doesn't waste a moment from the time she makes her appearance before the footlights. She comes out, bows, shows a fine set of gleaming teeth, grasps her skirts and in a moment is lost in a mass of fluff At first, the impression prevails that she must have more than two legs, so wonderfully does she manipulate her nether limbs. She is very candid, is Saharet. She is there to dance, and the fact that during her gyrations the audience may catch glimpses of her lingerie does not in the least affect her equanimity.

Photo by Hall.

SAHARET ISN'T ALWAYS AS QUIET AS THIS.

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Photo by Sarony.

FELICIA BARANCA.

Photo by Sarony.

DEYO.

Saharet can probably keep her feet in the air at once longer than any other dancer on the stage to-day. I don't pretend to know how she does it. Neither do I intend to enter into any argument regarding the laws of gravitation. I've seen Saharet too often not to know that she can kick both feet up into space and keep them there for seconds at a time. I will amend my statement by saying that it at least looks that way.

Saharet recently appeared in the London music halls and made a decided hit. She was billed as "the Australian dancer." I don't know where she comes from, but she looks like a French girl from the tip of her dainty nose to the southern-most point of her right foot. She is the wife of an actor and the mother of a cute little tot, who already emulates her mother to the extent of practising dancing before the mirror.

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NELLIE SARONY ON THE TIP OF HER RIGHT FOOT.

Saharet, Jr., will probably one of these days startle us as her mother is doing.

Felicia Baranca is another dancer of the dashing, flashing kind. She is, if I mistake not, an Italian who came to this country a few years ago. She first appeared with the inevitable E. E. Rice, and since that time has been seen in many productions in New York and on the road.

Baranca naturally dances the steps of the Italian school and is recognized as one of the best of the small army we have had in this country in the past few years.

Deyo is one of the daintiest of our American dancers. She is also one of the prettiest.

It is only a few seasons ago since a little girl, with the face and form of a child but the methods of an experienced dancer, first made her debut on Broadway. The men about town and the newspapermen and the actors discussed the little woman in their usually unembarassed manner, and finally decided that Deyo was very pretty and an acquisition to the Broadway parade.

When Deyo was dancing in "The Girl from Paris" at the Herald Square Theatre some one told her she should go to London. She went, but she also returned to her native shores with much alacrity. I cannot say why London did not like Deyo. She is very young, very

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NELLIE SARONY ON THAT SAME FOOT.

pretty, very fresh looking and a good dancer. But there's no accounting for the tastes of a nation that looks upon Dan Leno as a barrel of fun with the spigot turned on. But Deyo is back with us again, and Broadway, which rather sulked during her absence, is as sunshiny as a hot summer sun can make it. And if you've been there lately, you know what that means.

And now comes Nellie Sarony, who is less bizarre in her style than most of the dancers who are popular with American audiences. Miss Sarony can stand on one toe as long as the rest of them, but she rather refrains from a too generous display of lace goods and in various other ways shows that she does not pretend to be a disciple of sensationalism.

Miss Sarony is here shown in two characteristic poses, either one of which proves that she is quite capable of taking care of herself before the footlights. It also seems to show that she favors the right foot in dancing, to the exclusion of the left. This is an idiosyncrasy which I am unable to explain.

Annie St. Tel might never have achieved fame had it not been for the remarkable name she bears. Who gave it to her, or for what reason it was selected, history tells us absolutely nothing. She has worn it somewhat gracefully

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Photo by Schloss.

ANNIE ST. TEL WHEN SHE'S EARNING HER SALARY.

for a number of seasons. When she first sent in her card to a New York manager who was organizing a company for the road, she had little hope of securing anything in that direction. But the manager was a person of curiosity. He wanted to see the girl who bore a name that looked as if someone had bitten a piece off at the end and had forgotten to tack it back again. So he saw Miss St. Tel, she danced for him and was eventually engaged. That gave her a start. Its not a blood-curdling tale, but it shows what one small name can do. Miss St. Tel is pretty and unmarried. That makes her interesting.

T. B. MANNING.

HIS PROFESSION.

Schoolmaster (to new boy)—What is your father by trade?

Boy (perplexed)—I haven't to tell.

Schoolmaster—But you must.

Boy (after a great deal of hesitation)—Please, sir, he's the bearded woman at the circus!

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Photo by Hall.

TETINIA, IN ONE OF HER MOST COMFORTABLE POSITIONS.

(*See article "Some Very Busy Feet."*)

DOESN'T HE?

No matter how strongly a man pretends that he doesn't believe in ghosts, it may be doubted if he ever goes by a church yard at midnight without feeling as if something were going to grab him from behind.

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Photo by Schloss.

LA LISKA,

During a moment when she is giving her feet a vacation.

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DOTTIE DIMPLES AT THE SEA SHORE.

BY HERSELF.

THAT'S not my only name, of course. My name is Kittie and Dollie and Peggy and Maude and Cissie and Mayme, and I've got a lot of others, but what's the use? You know what they are, if you know anything about Broadway in Winter and Long Branch and Atlantic City in Summer.

I don't go to the seashore at the same time every year, for the simple reason that I don't get the price always on the same day in the same month. That all depends on the business we have done. If we have had to get home in a freight car or any old way, I'm likely to be a little late at the Branch. But just wait for me. I'll get there if it takes all summer and even if I have to go back the same night, and if business has been good, look out. I can make more show with sixty-seven dollars in cash and three hundred in "I. O. U's" from my manager, than any millionaire's daughter you ever saw trying to be the real thing.

You've met me at the seashore. What? Now, don't be foolish. I say you have, and you've got a nerve to deny it. Your wife might be listening? Oh, excuse me. But we have met, haven't we? Why, of course; I knew we had. Let's see. There were four of us—Bob Clarke, Tillie Hoopla and you and me. Bob knew you and knew us, and did all the introducing. Gee! but didn't we make your money fly that day; your pocketbook must have had contraction of the brain. But we had a jolly old time. Tillie and I made up our minds to have a good time if it took all the money there was in the place. First you bought some small bottles when we got off the boat. Then we went down to the beach and had a swim. Then we dressed and had some more bottles. After that we went driving, and Tillie nearly laughed herself to death when the driver charged you ten dollars for a three dollar drive. What did we do then? Oh, yes, we had another bottle, a big one this time, and

"AH, HERE HE COMES. I HOPE HE HAS BROUGHT DOWN THAT BOTTLE OF COCKTAILS."

"THE FOOL. A BOX OF CARAMELS! HE'D BETTER GO BACK TO THE NURSERY."

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READY FOR ANYTHING FROM WET FEET TO A FLIRTATION WITH A BLONDE MAN WITH BLUE EYES AND A SIX DOLLAR STRAW HAT ON A TWO DOLLAR HEAD.

(*See "Dottie Dimples at the Seashore."*)

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shortly afterwards we went to dinner. Sa-ay, that dinner opened your eyes, didn't it? You didn't know that two little girls could eat so much, did you? But you were awfully decent about it, and when I dropped a seven dollar cut glass decanter and told them to put it on the bill, you didn't say a word; you kind of looked a little anxious though.

But the most exciting time came after dinner when we all went over to Phil Daly's.

We were all feeling pretty gay by that time. Those bottles had done their deadly work. When we went into Daly's big room you wanted to buy the whole place and got mad because the faro dealer wouldn't sell you the case. I had

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE MAN WITH THE CAMERA.

ANOTHER VIEW, EFFECTIVE AND APPARENTLY INGENUOUS.

lots of fun at the roulette wheel. I played all over the place. You acted as my backer. Every time I lost you lost. Every time I won I kept the money. It was great fun. Have you ever figured how much Daly and I won from you that night?

When it was all over you figured that you had just about enough money left to get back to New York. Then Bob bought two rounds of beer and that commenced and finished his squandering for the night. It's really wonderful how an actor can restrain himself from being reckless when he tries hard.

Tillie and I stayed at the Branch while you and Bob went over to Pleasure Bay, and as Tillie and I sat in our room that night smoking a cigarette and sipping a gin fizz, we made up our minds that you were all right and that it was a shame that Bob didn't even pay his own fare.

Well, I'm having a pretty good time this summer. I didn't make any too much money on the road. The piece was a go and I got fine notices all through the country, but the manager and the soubrette skipped with the safe when we were out West and the most of us had to get home as best we could. I always did hate that soubrette. She had the nastiest little laugh and the coldest hands. Ugh—she was a human icicle, and I'll bet she was thinking of that safe from the first week out. Anyway, I saved a few dollars and got back to Broadway all right. I got fixed with the Fuzzy-Wuzzy Uzzlers for next season. We don't start rehearsing until the middle of August, so just now I'm enjoying myself.

Tillie—poor girl, she got a swift one, too, as the "Busy Bees" stranded in Chillicothe, Ohio—is with me and you can bet we don't do a thing to the Branch. Our bathing suits fit us like kid gloves, and we own the beach. They

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TRYING TO MAKE HERSELF BELIEVE SHE WAS BORN A MERMAID, WITH A LOVE FOR CHEWING GUM.

(*See article "Dottie Dimples at the Seashore."*)

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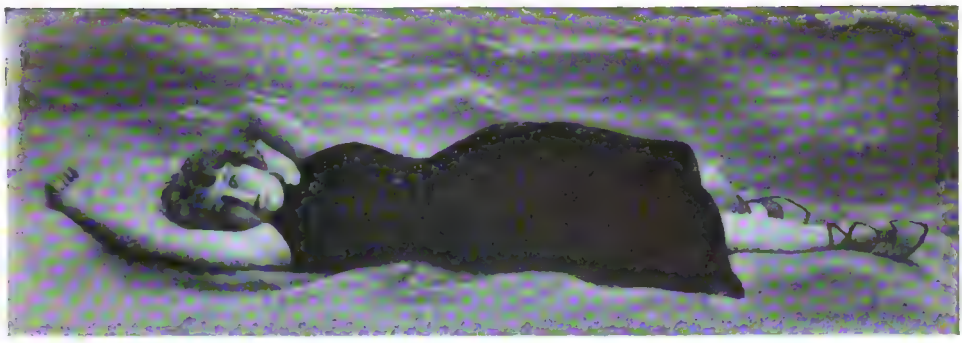

GIVING THE SUN A CHANCE TO PUT ON A TAN.

call us the "Gin Fizz Sisters," and we can have the ocean if we want it.

Well, so long; glad to have met you again. Bob Clark? No I haven't seen him lately. What? you don't say so. What did you give it to him for? 'Pon my word, I'm sorry. But forget all about the ten and don't do it again—just don't, Ta-ta.

THE PROOF.

Lady Customer—Are you sure this is real Ceylon tea?

Well-informed Young Salesman—Certainly, madam. Mr. Ceylon's name is on every package.

PLENTY OF EXPERIENCE.

Uncle—But you are too young, my boy, to think of getting married. *Nephew*—Oh, I don't know about that. Next session will make the third time I've been a co-respondent.

DOLLARS AND CENTS.

"Yes," said the old man, addressing his young visitor, "I am proud of my girls, and would like to see them comfortably married, and, as I have made a little money, they will not go to their husbands penniless. There's Mary, twenty-five years old, and a real good girl. I shall give her five thousand dollars when she marries. Then comes Bet, who's just thirty-five, I shall give her ten thousand dollars; and the man who takes Eliza, who is forty, will have fifteen thousand dollars with her."

The young man reflected a moment or so, and then inquired: "You haven't one about fifty, have you?"

NOT NECESSARY, BUT ALWAYS FETCHING.

WHAT DID HE MEAN.

"You want to marry my daughter, do you?" "Yes, sir."

"You notice the resemblance between her and her mother?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right, then. Take her, and I hope you'll be happy."

THAT'S WHY.

Customer—Look here! All the buttons came off this coat the first time I wore it.

Cohen—Yes. So many beoples admire dot coat dot you shwell mit pride und burst dose buttons off.

Hobbs—Why did the cashier leave the country?

Dobbs—The only reason was, that he couldn't take it with him.

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REUTLINGER'S LATEST PHOTOS FROM PARIS.

ALICE VILLIERS, WHO LOVES TO STAND ON ONE FOOT.

Both feet have seen active service, but in this case, the right is temporarily off duty.

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THE LADY'S SHOE EVIDENTLY BOTHERS HER.

We don't really know who she is, what she is, or how much she is. It's one of Reutlinger's latest, however, and not altogether lacking in airy grace.

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THERESE DE MOURIAC.

This young woman recently posed for some photographs in the studio of Reutlinger. These pictures, depicting classic subjects, aroused the admiration of Parisians and now Mdlle. De Mauriac is hailed as one of the great beauties of the French capital.

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MDLLE. PARNEE, A YOUNG FRENCH ACTRESS WHO IS SAID TO HAVE THE PRETTIEST ARMS IN PARIS.

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ROBERTA VALLEAU, A BEAUTIFUL ARTIST'S MODEL OF THE PARIS STUDIOS.

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MR. HARRISON WRITES US.

To the Editor.

Dear Sir: Some time ago you wrote requesting my photograph. It was impossible to respond as I did not have one in my possession. Having discovered years ago, that photographs contain the bacteria of the personal pronoun in the first person singular, and being congenitably conceited I have always thought it dangerous to irritate and enlarge

LOUIS HARRISON, COMEDIAN.

my great opinion of myself, by keeping large packages of pictures with that "If-you-dont-think-I'm-the-David-Garrick-of-my-time, you're-wrong," expression on the face.

If the average comedian (like myself) could deposit his opinion of himself in a bank and draw against it, he'd own the earth. Resting happy in the knowledge that my photo will increase your circulation one hundred per cent, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

LOUIS HARRISON.

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MISS MADGE LESSING GIVING HER FRIENDS A CYCLE PARTY.

Note Miss Lessing in the front. If you know much about the footlights, you will be able to pick out a number of other stage favorites from among Miss Lessing's guests.

TURN ABOUT.

Doctor—You're a long time paying my account, sir.

Hardup—Well, you were a long time curing me.

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Photo by Morrison, Chicago.

A NEW PICTURE OF MISS ISABEL IRVING.

This actress is one of the charming women of the American stage, and this charm does not forsake Miss Irving when she faces a camera.

NOTHING NEW.

Frank—Some genius in Chicago has invented a buttonless shirt.

Billy—Why, that's old. I've worn them ever since my wife learned to ride a bike.

A DEFINITION.

"What is a hardy rose-bush?"

"It is one that doesn't mind your wife pulling it up by the roots every few days to see if it has begun to grow yet."

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First Girl.—Old Rocksy, the millionaire, told me he loved me.

The Others.—You silly thing; he's said that to thousands of girls; he actually told us the same thing.

First Girl.—Then I understand how absurd it must seem to you.

THE UNKINDEST CUT.

Awkward young dramatist (to manager)—"Might I ask how my three-act drama is coming on, sir? Has it been accepted?"

"The three members of the reading committee have read it, and think it will do with one act cut out."

"I am glad to hear it is no worse, sir."

"But," continued the manager, "unfortunately, each one wants to strike out a different act."

BRACED.

"I can't give you anything!" snapped the lady to the tramp. "You're the thirteenth tramp that has called here to-day."

"Well, mum," said the tramp, after a little consideration, "you look a clever, sensible lady that don't belive in no nonsense; and jist to show that there ain't any truth in that silly superstition about thirteen bein' an unlucky number, I hope you 'll give me a trifle, mum."

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Photo by Taber, San Francisco.

MISS GLADYS WALLIS, A PERENNIAL LITTLE EVA.

Miss Wallis refuses positively to do two things. She will not grow taller or older. Don't argue it with her, because you'd only be wasting your time. You remember her, of course, as William Crane's ingenue. She's just like that now, and she'd be foolish to change. She is quite satisfactory, curls and all.

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Find the Girl who knows the difference between a small bottle and a gallon of ice water.

ARTHUR ROBERTS, THE FAMOUS ENGLISH COMEDIAN.

ROBERTS AS HE APPEARS ON THE STAGE.

Mr. Roberts has arrived at the happy stage in life where he can, if he would, live on his reputation. Ask a Londoner who is the funniest man in his town, and he will tell you Arthur Roberts, and then it's wine to 'arf and 'arf that he bursts into an uncontrollable fit of laughter over some recollection of the comedian. Roberts need only walk out on the stage to put the whole house into a frame of mind bordering on the hysterical. As a matter of fact he is funny, very, and quite unlike any man we have in America. He is essentially Cockney from the tip of his funny nose to the soles of his ample feet. He is wealthy and erratic. The writer has seen Roberts six times in the same piece, and all inside of two weeks, and his lines and business were different every time. He is an inveterate gagger, and earns quite $40,000 a year.

HAVING FUN.

Oh, we're not so very toney,
But we're jolly, heart and soul;
And we're down at dear old Coney,
All a'swinging 'round the pole.

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Photo by Ellis, London.

MISS MABEL ALLEN, A BEAUTY OF THE LONDON STAGE, WHO HAS HER PICTURE TAKEN EVERY MORNING AFTER BREAKFAST.

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PUZZLE: HOW MANY MEN WANT TO DANCE WITH HOW MANY GIRLS?

ALWAYS ACCOMMODATING.

New Cook—Well, I daresay your place will do, but—ah, I forgot, have you any children?

The Master (prospective, wearily)—Yes, I have five, but, of course, I could drown two or three if you insist upon it.

SURE ENOUGH.

"How do you know that anonymous letter was written by a woman?"

"It hasn't any date."

HOW SHE KNEW.

He—Believe me, Maud, you are my first love.

She—I believe you, Harry; nobody but the merest novice in matters of the heart could have acted as awkwardly as you have for the last six months.

COULDN'T FOOL HER.

The girl stood on the burning deck
But her loss we need not grieve;
She did not perish with the wreck—
She had sense enough to leave.

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THEY CALL HER CLARICE AROUND THE NEW YORK STUDIOS.

She is pretty, exceedingly lively and not too industrious. She poses for nearly all of the females figures in the pictures painted by a well-known New York artist. She is young and mighty independent.

MISTAKE SOMEWHERE.

Husband (shaving)—Confound the razor.

Wife—What's the matter now? You're dreadfully cross.

Husband—The razor is so infernally dull!

Wife—Dull? Why, I ripped up an old skirt with it yesterday, and it cut beautifully!

SUPPLIED.

Electrical Supply Agent—You ought to have a burglar-alarm system in your house, so that you would be instantly awakened if any intruder were to step inside one of the doors or windows.

Mr. Younglove—My dear sir, we don't need anything of the sort. We are weaning our baby.

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MISS ELLIOTT FRONT VIEW.

MISS ELLIOTT, REVERSED.

NAT. GOODWIN SERIOUS AGAIN.

Comedian Goodwin has made up his mind to be serious in New York next season. This shows a stickatitiveness on the part of the actor quite as admirable as it is unusual.

More than once New York has shown that it does not want Mr. Goodwin in sombre colors. His greatest successes have been in the direct line of comedy. He has done good work in such pieces as "The Gold Mine," but the people have simply insisted on his making them laugh.

MR. GOODWIN IN THE TITLE ROLE.

His success in "Nathan Hale" out West during the past season, however, has induced him to take another try at New York audiences in a serious role.

Goodwin is too good an actor to be bad in anything he attempts, so New York may look forward to the production of "Nathan Hale" with pleasurable anticipation. But New York is stony hearted. If it does'nt like a thing it says so with such vigor as to leave no room for doubt as to its feelings. It wants Mr. Goodwin in comedy. His tragedy must be devilish fine to earn its good graces.—F. O. J.

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Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Photo by Chickering, Boston.

MISS NINA MORRIS LOOKING WISTFULLY AT A LEAK IN THE ROOF.

At least, she appears to be doing that. Miss Morris really isn't obliged to look that way and in fact at various times during her career she has been known to gaze in other directions. She seems rather to like this aspect of dreaminess, so please don't disturb the lady, and tell the children to walk on tiptoe.

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MISS UNA ABELL THINKING OUT A DIFFICULT PROBLEM IN ALGEBRA.

Note the searching, eager look in the eyes, and the generally tense expression. It must indeed be a poser.

UP TO DATE PEOPLE.

Mrs. De Flat—Have you anything new in folding beds?"

Dealer—Only this, madam, and it really is quite a success. On arising in the morning, you touch a spring, and it turns into a washstand and bath-tub. After your bath, you touch another spring, and it becomes a dressing-case, with a French plate mirror. If you breakfast in your room, a slight pressure will transform it into an extension table. After breakfast, you press these three buttons at once, and you have an upright piano. That's all it will do, except that when you die it can be changed into a rosewood coffin.

NASTY, WASN'T IT?

"I am an artist above all," said the mummer. "From the moment I make my entrance on the stage I forget everything but my part. I leave my own personality behind me. I am entirely Romeo, Hamlet, King Lear. The theatre vanishes from my eyes; the audience disappear——"

"That is so," interrupted the critic. "I have noticed it."

"What?"

"The audience disappear. They go out and ask for their money back."

ILLING TO TELL.

Daisy:—She has such a pretty foot. I don't know where you would find anything smaller, do you.

Frances:—Yes, the shoe she wears.

WANTED TO KNOW.

Wagg—What are you doing now?

Verisopht—Oh, I'm living by brain-work.

Wagg—Whose?

THE ONLY WAY.

Mrs. Brise (at the musicale)—Oh, Mrs. Nuit, I had so much to say to you, and the pianist is finished.

Mrs. Nuit—I'm just dying to hear it. Let's encore him.

"HE HAD A HAND THAT WOULD HAVE KNOCKED OUT CORBETT."

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Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

A YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL STUDENT AT A NEW YORK DRAMATIC SCHOOL.

She comes from a Southern City and recently posed at a Broadway photographer's as shown above. This picture is published exclusively in the BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

IT WAS ALL RIGHT.

"Come up to my house to-morrow night," said Henpecque. "I'm going to celebrate my golden wedding."

"Golden wedding! Why, man, you've only been married three years."

"I know it; but it seems like fifty; so everything is all right."

SARCASM.

Lady (after going over the whole stock of blankets)—You needn't show me any more. I only came in to look for a friend with whom I had an appointment here.

Perspiring Shopman (politely)—If you think your friend is among the blankets, madam, I shall be happy to go over them again for you.

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SOCIETY ITEM.

"The Bride-to-be went up the aisle of the church on the arm of her father."

ANOTHER PRESCRIPTION WANTED.

Doctor—You seem to have lost all zest for life, my dear sir. You must rouse yourself, and take more interest in your business.

Patient—Good gracious, doctor, I'm a money-lender!

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Photos by Alfred Ellis, London.

THEY ARE NOT QUITE MADE OF INDIA RUBBER.

They are the Merkel Sisters, who are at present engaged in the pleasant task of twisting themselves into various picturesque and seemingly impossible poses.

The Merkel Sisters are lithe, clean limbed and buoyantly healthy young women. Their appearance at the Alhambra, one of London's two biggest music halls, has created considerable attention, leading up to an ethical discussion of the question: "Should a Woman Wear Corsets." The Merkels say no.

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Photo by Dana.
MISS JENNIE McKAY OF "THE LITTLE MINISTER" COMPANY.

Photo by Sarony.
CAROLINE MISKEL HOYT, FROM HER LATEST PICTURE.

Photo by Pach Bros.
MISS PHYLLIS RANKIN, WHO HAS BEEN SHOWING LONDONERS WHAT SHE CAN DO.

Photo by Eddowes.
MISS LEONA LEWIS, IN A GAUZY DRESS AND A COPYRIGHTED SMILE.

FOUR WOMEN OF THE AMERICAN STAGE WHO ARE WORTH A GLANCE OR TWO THIS WARM SUMMER WEATHER.

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Photo by somebody or other.

MISS WHATSHERNAME, PLAYING IN A WELL-KNOWN COMEDY, IN A CITY NOT FAR FROM A WESTERN STATE.

It's not very definite, to be sure, but that's all we can tell you about her. The picture came to us with Egyptian hieroglyphics on the back and we have deciphered them as well as we could. At any rate the picture is pretty enough, even if she is only Miss Umpskanes of Wallytassee.

TROUBLE.

Bildeck—I saw the doctor's carriage at your house yesterday. Anything serious?

Gasser—I should say so! He wanted to collect his bill.

SCIENCE.

Tommy—Pa, may I ask you a question?

Pa—Certainly, my child.

Tommy—Well, where is the wind when it don't blow?

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MISS BROADWAY WITH A CLEAR ROAD, A MERRY EYE, AN EASY CONSCIENCE, AND A SMALL BOTTLE AT THE NEXT STOP.

A HINT.

A school-inspector, finding a class hesitating over answering the quesion, "With what weapon did Samson slay the Philistines?" and wishing to prompt them, significantly tapped his own cheek, and asked: "What is this?"

The whole class instantly answered: "The jawbone of an ass!"

TRUE CHARITY.

Dear Old Lady (to little beggar-girl): "There's some bread for you. It's a day or two old, but you can tell your mother to take three or four fresh eggs, a quart of milk, a cup of sugar, some good butter, and half a grated nutmeg, and she can make a very excellent pudding of it."

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MISS MARIE DEVON, AN ARTIST'S MODEL OF NEW YORK, WHO IS CONSIDERED ESPECIALLY USEFUL FOR CLASSIC SUBJECTS.

Miss Devon is an English girl with a French face and a New York clientele. She is decidedly pretty and much in demand.

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Photo by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

A LITTLE BUNCH OF RICE.

Bessie Wilton, Susie Hale, Mary Cramer and a quarter of a dozen more of the girls who have made merry in E. E. Rice's "The Girl from Paris;" and they're nice girls, too, although they all know that three and three make six.

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Photo by Prince.

MISS GRACE HEYER, WHOSE HAIR AND SHOULDERS WOULD DRAW AN ANCHORITE FROM HIS CELL AND MAKE THE AVERAGE ARTIST FORGET ALL ABOUT HIS OWN GREATNESS.

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TALES OF BROADWAY.

NO. IV. TOM LIGHTLY TO THE FRONT.

BY GORDON PALMER.

"Louise, how does it look? Is it worth the hundred?"

"Oui, madame."

"Am I stunning, am I fit, will I do?

"Oui, oui, madame. You are exquiseet, charmant, you are all right, all right, I think you say. You are beau."——

"Don't be a fool, Louise. You're not my press-agent. Well, if these satin beauties don't make more of a hit in the Park this afternoon than I ever made in my best silk tights at the Casino, I'll eat no more broiled lobsters. There—tighten the band a little more, and fix the knees. Are you sure those stockings don't wrinkle? Good. Now I'm off for my last bike ride before I go to Europe. Good Heavens, Louise, don't forget to order those steamer flowers from my many friends and charge them to Tom? And have a different card for every bunch. And tell Tom if he comes that I'll be back in time to go to dinner with him at six. And don't forget to tell him that these cost a hundred. So long. Look out for Fido. And remember the flowers. Ta-ta."

* * *

"Sa—ay, Louise, maybe I didn't knock 'em cold in the Parks. Gee! Those knickerbockers made the other girls weep. And I met John Bluffsby of the Gaiety. He wants me to play principal boy in his new burlesque. I guess he didn't know I could play a boy until he saw these Knicks. But he's a cheese. He owes me four weeks from last season. Well, I think everything is ready for my trip abroad. I hope the Town Fizz will devote as much attention to me as it did to that cheap soubrette, Lallie Loola. I guess I'll lie down for a while. Call me when Tom comes."

* * *

"Wha—what's this, Louise, what do I want of an "extra"?"

"Read this, madame."

"More New York Troops to the front. Immediate Marching Orders Received By The Thirty-ninth.

Among those who received a hurry call to-day and who are already packing to go is Lieutenant Thomas Lightly, the well-known young man about-town who had completed all arrangements to sail for Europe to-morrow." That's enough, Louise. Bring me some brandy, quick. Now, let's see. My name's mud, isn't it, Louise? Go and countermand the order for the flowers at once. Wait. Drop in on Grevy's and say these clothes don't fit, that I don't want them, and to send for them to-morrow. Also call on Bluffsby and say I'll be down to see him in the morning. And say, Louise, when you think of it swear for me in French and call the Spaniards names.

"Now bring me a cigarette."

OBEDIENCE.

Mrs. Bleecker—Bridget, have you turned the gas on in the parlor, as I told you.

The New Domestic Jewel—Yis, mum; can't yez shmell it?

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"It's a shame to take his money" "Oh, what a headache"

Dick Carle and Lou Wesley trying to do each other in my sumptuous suite.

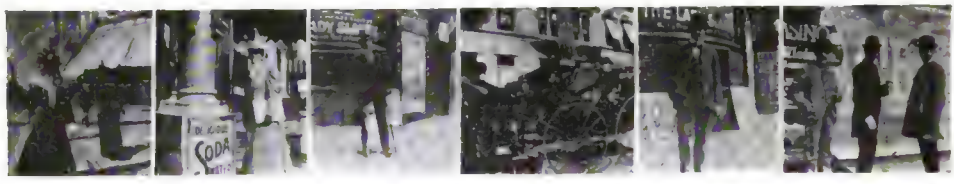
LEE HARRISON: HIS CAMERA AND ITS VICTIMS ALONG BROADWAY.

WITH TALK FROM HIS BARE FACE.

HIS IS MY REVENGE.

For years, in fact ever since I was seventeen in 1892, the newspapers have devoted columns of type and yards of ink to my brilliant personality. Like all actors, I am modest. In fact, I'm so diffident that it hurts me. Many a time I run up a back alley just because a reporter and a staff of artists have been rude enough to say that they intended to devote seven columns in a Sunday paper to my great fame and pure but honest Celtic beauty. Such things as these make me halt and stammer and grow frightened like the fawn that has been scared by the approach of the hunter and runs to cover with the shadow of fear in its eyes. I am also like the tender lily that waves to and fro in the breeze and bows its head 'neath the scorching heat of a sun that doesn't know the difference between a lily and Crissie Carlisle's right foot. I might likewise mention that I am like many other beautiful and costly things, but I haven't time.

As I have said before, this is my revenge.



Edna Wallace Hopper just after securing her divorce.

Nettie Lyford going into Stewarts Drug-store for a bunch of soda water.

Jim Decker teaching his dog how to loaf on Broadway.

George Kraus and Sam Bernard looking for another music hall site.

Bill Ritchie "standing on the corner didn't mean no harm."

Jack Lane, Eduard Fales Coward and an unknown look ng for scandals.

Gladys Wallis smaller than ever.

Dick Golden with the "Isle of Champagne" all season and never touched a drop of it.

Helen Lord going back to Binghampton and mother.

Will Sheldon teaching legitimate methods to Nick Adams and Gus Yorke.

Joe Herbert smiling before the critics bombarded "Cocks Tours."

Curtis Dunham on the still hunt for news.

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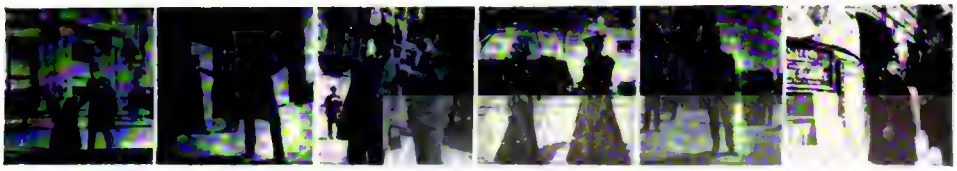

May Irwin's new 'leading man'—a Broadway Cop. | Al Hart trying to look like thirty cents. | Says Dick Carle, could you—? Says Joe Mirron, 'Not.' | Cora Tinnie and Gerome Edwardy going to Breakfast at 2 P. M. | Harry Tilford of the team of Park and Tilford. | Harry Mann before he shaved off his Captain Chapmans—ZZZZZ!

With my little Camera in hand I have snapped the foibles and the jokes and the merry gags of the mummer (See Mr. Webster's Cook Book) and I give them to a breathless world with the knowledge that I am doing great work for humanity and many other cafés along Broadway.

Nat Goodwin saying to Dick Carle and Marie Dressler: "Spend your money, but be good." | Marie Dressler, a dog, a ferry-boat and the North River. | John Doris trying to engage Mamie Gilroy for "Orange Blossoms."

You may be sure of one thing. Those pictures don't lie. You couldn't teach a camera to lie any more than you could make me tell how many hundred dollars a week Mr. Lederer pays me. (Once again note my native modesty.) Every one of those pictures contain a great moral lesson, and I hope that the members of the Broadway Magazine Bible Class will find much instruction in them.

My next sermon, published in the August issue, should not be missed by all those seeking light. In the meantime I shall be glad to answer such questions as may by accompanied by stamped envelope and a one dollar bill.

P. S.—Frivolous questions, one dollar extra. All references to broiled lobsters and pink tights barred.

LEE HARRSION,
From His Face.

Mrs. Edgar Smith trying Edgar's lines on the dog. | Mamie Gilroy with a new dress, but the same face. | Walter Jones smoking a dollar cigar on Broadway. | Frank Slocum and Frank Murray keeping each other guessing. | Sam Tuck, the reigning Apollo of Harlem. | Col. Ben Teal—If I'd had my way with 'The Round of Pleasure!'

NO WONDER.

Mrs. Honeymoon — And doesn't the nasty old cigar taste differently after your little wifie lights it for you?

The Brute — Very! You always light the wrong end.

A GOOD WAY.

Barber — Shall I take a little of the ends of your hair off, sir?

Customer—Yes, I think you had better take it off at the ends, unless you can get it out of the middle.

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Photo by Schloss.

IN THE EFFULGENCE OF A HIGH LIGHT.

Her name is——but what's the difference? This picture was taken especially to show how much can be done in photography by the artistic arrangement of lights. Try it yourself, but be sure that you first ask the young lady's permission.

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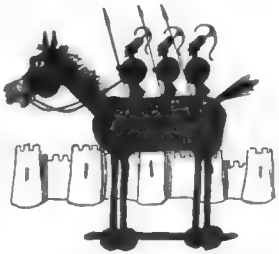
A BROADWAY ARTIST'S QUEER DRAWINGS.

"GOOD BYE SWEETHEART."

A young American artist, recently from Ohio and settled on Broadway, is beginning to attract some amount of attention to himself for the odd pen and ink "shadowgraph" drawings he is making. He does not sign his pictures, nor does he care to have his work publicly recognized as from his own pen just now.

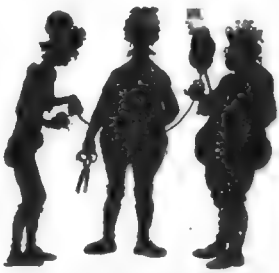
These pictures are not in the least like Aubrey Beardsley's, but they have nevertheless one point in common—which is, that they are suggestive of the art of a child commencing to draw. When Beardsley's queer effusions first saw the public light, everybody was at once reminded of the lines drawn by a child who thinks he can draw—the Beardsleyan work, of course, being mature. In the same way, these filled-in outlines suggest the toys and picture-books of our youth.



THE WOODEN HORSE BEFORE TROY.

But now look at them again. Study them attentively and see if you do not find in them something that you never found in the picture-books of years ago. This does not mean the modern touch of the drawings, either. Yes, you know what I mean. You recognize a characteristic and real cleverness in the work, aye, in even the most bizarre and what appears to be the roughest of them all.

LITTLE MISS MOFFETT.



THE THREE FATES HAVING FUN WITH MORTALITY.

The young Broadway artist will be heard from loudly before very long. D. H. D.

FIRST CONCLUSIONS CORRECT.

Old Stolid—Mr. Smiles, I was playing whist last Wednesday fortnight. You were my partner. I called you, sir, an ass! I spoke hastily, thoughtlessly.

Mr. Smiles—Yes, I know, Mr. Stolid. I know of course you didn't——

Mr. Stolid—Well, I've thought over your play since; and I think it only right to tell you, sir, that, upon mature reflection, you were an ass!

Husband (frivolously)—Tickle, tickle, tickle!
Wife—But you said the other day you didn't want so much of my chin!

HE WAS SUSPICIOUS.

Passenger (in railroad train)—How did this accident happen?

Brakeman—Someone pulled the bell and stopped the train, and the fast express ran into us. It will take five hours to clear the line for us to go ahead.

Passenger—Five hours! I was to be married to-day.

Brakeman (a married man, sternly)—Look here, are you the chap who stopped the train?

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Photo by Schloss.

MARIE HALTON OF PARIS, LONDON AND BROADWAY.

Miss Halton once smoked a cigarette so effectively on the stage of the Casino, that she became the woman of the hour. Now she acts and sings when she feels like it. When she doesn't, she poses like this.

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Photo by Hartman & Heiny, Knoxville, Iowa.

JOLLY DELLA PRINGLE IS WHAT THEY CALL HER.

She looks it and we rather think the dog is to be envied.

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"Daughter, what did he say to you?"

"You have your mother's beautiful eyes," he said. "Then I felt that the time had come to play my trump card. I have also, I said, my father's lovely checque-book. Within ten seconds I answered coyly 'yes.'"

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Photo by Hana, London.

MISS NELLIE HAWTHORNE, WHO HAS BEEN SINGING ON THE CASINO ROOF GARDEN, NEW YORK.

Miss Hawthorne recently returned from the Continent, where, singly and as a member of the trio made up of the Hawthorne Sisters, she made an undoubted hit. Miss Hawthorne, who is Mrs. Robert Vernon in private life, is essentially American and is a sprightly and clever comedienne and singer.

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Copyright, 1898, by E. Chickering, Boston.

MISS MAUDE HOLLINS AND MADGE LESSING DECIDING A BET AS TO WHO IS THE CHAMPION LONG DISTANCE SMILER OF BROADWAY.

Hold a watch on them and let us know the result. We are really much interested. If at the end of seven days and fourteen hours they still continue to smile, you will know that it is time to close the book and take a rest.

COULD SPARE IT.

Mrs. Youngish—Oh, Bob, what shall I do? Baby is crying because I won't let him pull all the fur off my new muff.

Mr. Youngish—Well, that's all right. Give him the cat?

SAVED.

First Lady—There goes young Mrs. Pedigree. I suppose she bores people to death telling the bright things her little boy says?"

Second Lady—Oh, no; fortunately he says such dreadful things they can't repeat them.

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DEAD BROKE ANYWAY.

Mrs. Scribbles—I believe the butcher is knocking at the door with his bill, Ferdinand.

Scribbles—Tell him I am sorry, but I've just paid the rent, and am short.

Mrs. Scribbles—But it may be the landlord, Ferdy.

Scribbles—Well then, tell him I'm sorry, but I've just paid the butcher, and am short.

PAPA'S OPINION TOO.

"But I am so unworthy, darling," he murmured, as he held the girl's hand in his.

"Oh, George," she sighed. "If you and papa agreed on every other point as you do on that, how happy we could be!"

THEN HE'D KNOW.

Jabsley—These novelists make me tired. The idea of a "withering glance"! As if anyone could be withered by a mere look.

Wickwire—You are young yet, Jabsley. You never stepped on your wife's train at a ball.

FOR HER SAKE.
THERE are twin of curses on Spring,
The weather, alack! and the poet.
Oh! many the evils they fling;
Alas, and a moan, how they go it!
Yet Spring is the type of a maiden—
Small storms with much sun between;
The showers but make her full-laden
With beauties that newly are seen.
For the sake of this girl who prays
In the Spring for love and its raptures,
I am willing to live through these days;
But I fain, too, would be he who captures
And kills a poet, and spends a Week without influenza.
Will Bert

DAN DALY, WHO PLAYS NIGHTLY IN "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK."

THE ELONGATED DAN DALY AS HE WAS SEEN BY A LONDON ARTIST.

Note the play of words indulged in by the facetious London caption writer.

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BROADWAY SILHOUETTES.

By Hoffman Aulic.

1

1. Powers, James J. (Photo by Rose, Prov.) now a member of Augustin Daly's Company. A graduate of the Casino School of Comedians; owns a wonderful aureole of sunset hair.

2. Scott, Cyril (Photo by Sarony.) Also of Daly's Company; makes a fine juvenile lover.

3. Herbert, Victor (Photo by Sarony.) No more will he lead the Seventh Regiment Band in Central Park, N. Y.

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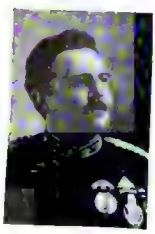

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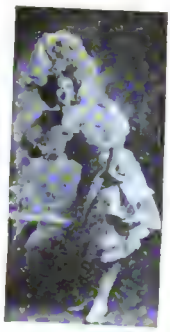
4. Mansfield, Henry (Photo by Purdy.) Champion all around kicker; also good actor.

5. Franko, Nahan (Photo by Falk.) Musician, one of Broadway's picturesque figures.

6. Bell, Hillary (Photo by Hargrove.) Dramatic critic of the New York Press. The women call him interesting.

7. Fraund, Harry E. (Photo by Chickering.) Editor of the Musical Age. Has a national reputation in musical circles.



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8. Muldoon William (Photo by Rosch.) Repairer of shattered constitutions. Once a famous wrestler.

9. Miner, Henry C. (Photo by Miner Litho. Co.) One of America's best known theatrical managers. Has retired.

10. Howe, Mabel (Photo by Glines.) A gay burlesquer and pretty idto the bargain.

11. Tabor, Lulu (Photo by Glines.) Her appearance in a jockey's

15

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17

costume is still discussed in Well's Corners, Neb.

12. Angeles, Annie (Photo by Glines.) One of the Angeles Sisters. Clever.

13. Russell, Annie (Photo by Prince.) Patriotic as well as sweet; you can see this for yourself.

14. Germaine, Katherine (Photo by Dana.) Once the glittering star of the "Isle of Champagne." More details later.

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BROADWAY SILHOUETTES.

24

sensible. Mr. Hackett recently married Mary Mannering one of the prettiest players England has sent us in recent years. Thus, the matinee girls have lost still another hero.

15. Moore, Arthur (Photo by Prince.) Member N. Y. A. C. and knows every face on Broadway. In the real estate business.

16. Woodruff, Henry (Photo by Kellie & Co.) Once called Harry. Blonde and will act again.

17. Blum, Louis (Photo by Schloss.) Dealer in photographs on Broadway. All the newspapers know him. Energetic, very.

25

18. Barrymore, Maurice (Photo by Morrison.) Tells stories which reporters repeat. Acts some. Is the father of Ethel Barrymore, the pretty young American girl who recently made such a hit in England.

19. Hackett, James K. (Photo by Pach Bros.) Lyceum Theatre leading man. Handsome and

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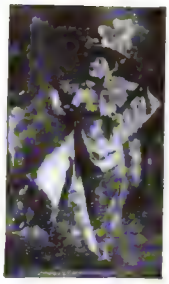

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28. Taber, Julia Marlowe (Photo by Rose.) Has gone abroad to see Mr. Taber. One of our best native players. Has decided definitely to drop Taber from her name, but for business reasons only. Mr. and Mrs. Taber are an ideal married couple. Manager asked the actress to make the change.

20. Edeson, Robert (Photo by Sarony.) Maude Adams' leading man. Has made a good reputation in two years.

21. Hoyt, Chas. (Photo by Morrison.) A very sick man. His friends hope for early recovery. Author of "Bunch of Keys."

22. Morgan, E. J. (Photo by Falk.) A young actor with a good form, fine voice and great prospects.

23. Wilson, Chas. J. (Photo by Gilbert & Bacon.) Composer. Wrote music of "The Laundry Girl."

24. Babcock, Theodore (Photo by Chickering.) Actor. Owns the most wonderful hats on Broadway.

25. Friend, Emanuel (Photo by Falk.) Famous theatrical lawyer. Generally wins, too.

26. Furst, William (Photo by Rockwood.) Chas. Frohman's musical director. Mighty good composer.

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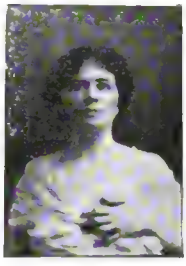

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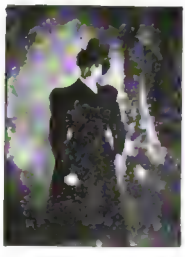

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29. Daly, Lizzie Derious (Photo by Willkerd.) Also Mrs. Tuck. Has returned to the stage.

28

say: "We'll keep it up till the cows come home." Mr. Fiske replies: "Me too."

34. McIntosh, Burr (Photo by Morrison.) Fat, fair and nearly forty. A great Taffy.

35. McCabe, Edward J. (Photo by Parkinson.) Number 154 of the famous Broadway Squad. Big, muscular and an ornament to the street. Has been playing in "Way Down East" at the Manhattan Theatre, New York.

34

31. Earle, Virginia (Photo by Schloss.) Has made a big name for herself in a few years as a sprightly commedienne.

32. Keith, Wakeman (Photo by Baker.) Strange name for a woman. Afraid we're mixed. If there's a terrible mistake somewhere, please address me, care of this office.

33. Fiske, Harrison Grey (Photo by Dupont.) Editor the Dramatic Mirror. A principal in the famous Syndicate-Fiske duel. It is rumored that this case will be continued on the calendar from year to year until the last court of resort has been reached. Klaw & Erlanger

29.

(To be continued in the next issue.)

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HE HAD A PRICE.

Mr. Billion—You shall never marry my daughter, sir.

Impassioned Suitor—Your threats do not frighten me. I'll marry her or die! When I once love, sir, no power on earth can—

Mr. Billion—Oh I'm not proposing to use force. How much cash will it take to buy you off?

Impassioned Suitor—Um—er—how much will you give?

Speaking of her children, a negress said of one who was lighter-coloured than the rest: I nebber could bear dat 'ar brat kase he show dirt so easy.

COULDN'T FOOL HIM.

Johnnie-Mamma, this book says knowdedge is power.

Mamma--And it is, my child.

Johnnie—No, mamma, it isn't. I know there is pie in the pantry, but I can't get it.

VERY COMPLETE.

"Papa," said little Benny Bloobumper, "what is an encyclopædia?"

"An encyclopædia, Benny," replied that small boy's intelligent papa, "is a set of books, any volume of which will tell you to seek elsewhere for the information you want."

MISS FANNIE FROUDE, A YOUNG ARTISTE OF NEW YORK, WHOSE WORK HAS ATTRACTED CONSIDERABLE ATTENTION.

Miss Froude is young, but has studied for years in the art centres of Europe, and no tall man with a goatee and velvet coat can tell her what to do; she knows.

GIOVANNI SCOLARI. CLEOPATRA VICINI. FRANCESCO COLLENZA. LINDA MONTONARI.
FOUR ITALIAN GRAND OPERA SINGERS RECENTLY HEARD IN NEW YORK.

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From Charcoal Sketch, by Jule Goodman.

A LIVELY PAIR OF VAUDEVILLERS AT THE LONDON HALLS,

They are the D'Artos and they dance in an especially lively and entertaining manner..

SHE KNEW ALL ABOUT IT.

Elder Sister—Come, Clara, take your powder, like a dear. You never hear me making any complaint about such a little thing as that.

Tiny Clara (sorely) — Neither would I if I could daub it on my face. It is swallowing it I object to.

ASTONISHED.

"Mr. Courty asked me to marry him last night," she blushingly told her mother.

"And what did you tell him?"

"I told him to ask you."

"Ask me!" echoed the startled parent. "Why Mary, surely you wouldn't have your dear old mother commit bigamy, would you?"

"Indeed you are the only girl I ever loved." "I suppose you have had that sort of thing said to you for the past twenty years; but in this instance ——" "Sir."

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The Man—Have you girls heard the news about young Geo. Giddie?
The Girls—Yes, isn't it horrid?
The Man—What about her getting that $100,000 from her uncle?
The Girls—(disappointed)—Oh, we thought you meant she had done something shocking!

HE SURPRISED THE RECTOR.

The rector returning from his holiday heard that a parishioner had "lost his old Betty," and at once hurried off to console him.

"I'm grieved to hear of your loss, Brown," he began.

"Oh, well, sir, thankee," replied Brown, "it's a pity, of course; but she was a lazy jade; she would never do anything unless she was well thrashed."

"Tut, tut, dear me——"

"It's true, sir. She was a bad bargain. Thank goodness the fair's next week, and I'll pick up a better one there, I hope, if I don't get suited before."

"But don't you think, even for appearances' sake, you had better wait a little longer?" urged the clergyman, getting rather annoyed at his tone.

"Oh, no," responded Brown. "I've had my eye on one for some little time, and what I get for Betty's skin will go towards it. I tell you what, sir! I wouldn't mind having one of your young 'uns, if you're agreeable."

"I won't stop to hear another word of such abominable talk," said the disgusted rector. "There wasn't a better woman in the village than your wife Betty."

"Wife! Who's talking about my wife?" said the astonished Brown. "I'm talking about my old mare that died yesterday."

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A PRETTY POSE BY A PRETTY WOMAN.

We could easily tell you all kinds of fairy stories about her, but we refrain. We don't want to lose your confidence. So look at her, try to guess who she is, give it up and you'll then be quite as wise as we are.

A COUNT'S VISIT TO AMERICA.

THE COUNT OF TURIN.

He is really Prince Victor Emanuel, of Italy. He's not a very big or very handsome chap, although his uniform lends him some distinction. He it was who challenged Prince Henry, of Orleans to a duel because the latter had made some slighting remark about the Italian army. Count Turin has been visiting America for some weeks, and has expressed himself as fairly well satisfied with us—which is rather nice of the Count. He is unmarried.

PRINCE HENRY OF ORLEANS.

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THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR PICTORIALLY TOLD.

THE LATE ENSIGN, WORTH BAGLEY.
FIRST OFFICER KILLED IN THE WAR WITH SPAIN.

Worth Bagley lost his life on the torpedo boat "Winslow" at the engagement off Cardenas, Cuba. The "Winslow" was ordered into the harbor to capture a Spanish gunboat by Capt. Todd of the cruiser "Wiimington," and while near a floating bouy, of which the Spaniards had been making a target, was peppered by them with shot and shell. The Ensign was struck by a shell and died in a few minutes. He was buried at his birth-place, Raleigh, N. C., and a whole nation mourned the departed young hero. A monument will be built to his memory at Raleigh.

There was considerable debate at the time of Bagley's death as to whether the orders that a torpedo boat should run in at Cardenas and attempt to capture a gun boat were exactly the result of good judgment, but the subject was unpleasant and was quickly dropped. At all events, Worth Bagley is a true hero, and is enshrined in the hearts of his fellow-citizens as long as the United States retain their unity.

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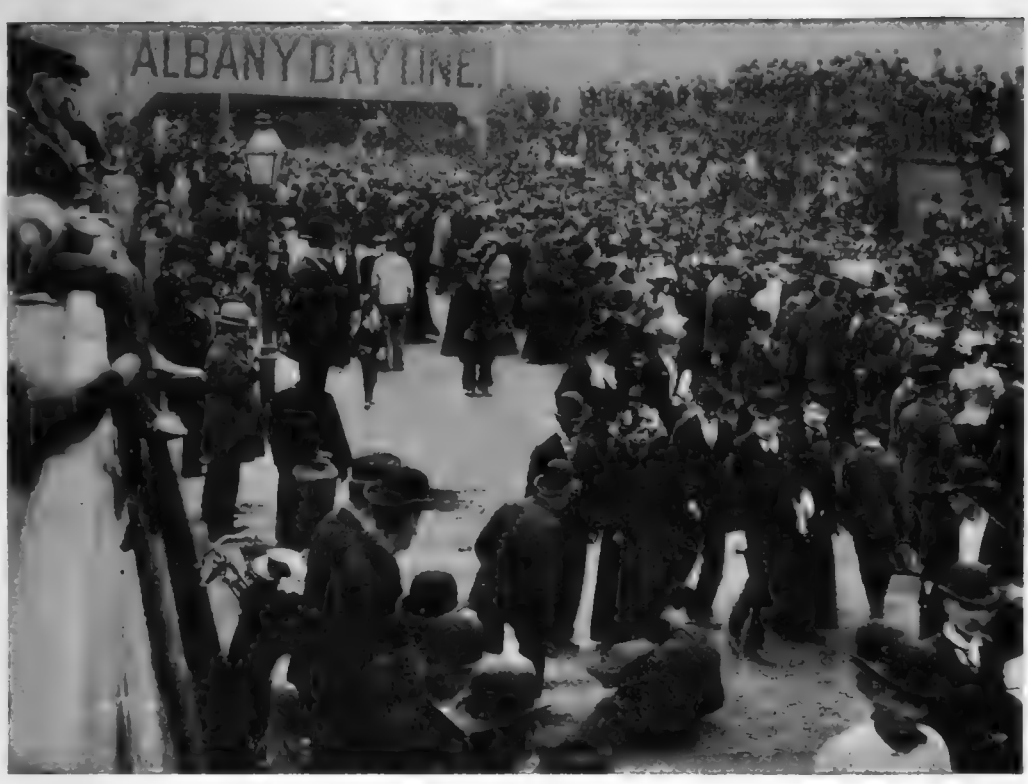

THE NINTH REGIMENT, N. G., N Y. MARCHING TO THE ALBANY BOAT.

THE NINTH REGIMENT AFTER LEAVING ITS ARMORY IN WEST FOURTEENTH STREET.

Two views of the New York Ninth Regiment on its way to the war.

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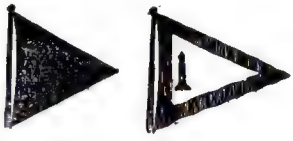
SPANISH TROOPS MARCHING IN PORTO RICO.

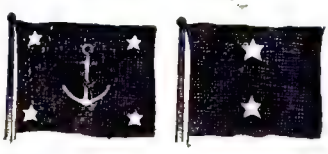
A scene in one of the streets of San Juan, where the soldiers were enthusiastically received by those who depended for their living and life on the authority of Spain.

THE NATIONAL ENSIGN.

NAVAL CONVOY. COMMODORE'S ENSIGN.



SENIOR OFFICER. LIGHTHOUSE SERVICE.



SEC'Y OF NAVY'S FLAG. REAR ADMIRAL'S FLAG.

UNION. PRESIDENT'S FLAG.

THESE ARE THE OFFICIALLY DESIGNATED FLAGS NOW IN USE BY UNCLE SAM'S NAVAL FIGHTERS.

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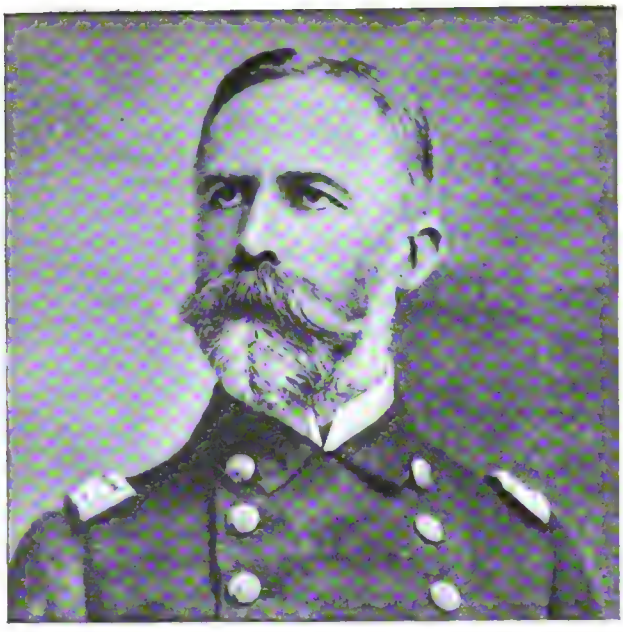
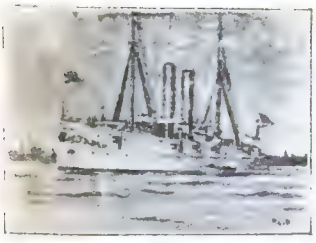
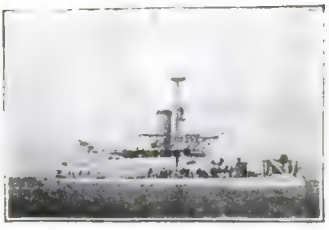


REAR ADMIRAL WILLIAM T. SAMPSON,
In Command of the Squadron that Laid Porto Rico Low.

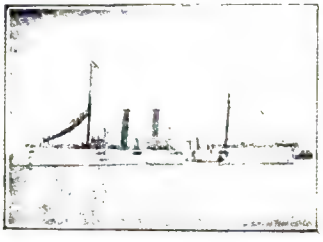
THE BATTLESHIP "INDIANA."



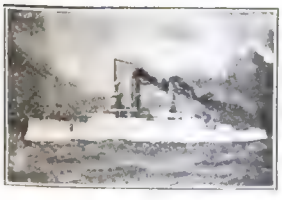
THE CRUISER "MONTGOMERY."



THE MONITOR "TERROR."



THE CRUISER "MARBLEHEAD."



THE BATTLESHIP "IOWA."

THE MONITOR "AMPHITRITE."

The Commander and part of the Squadron that bombarded Porto Rico.

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Photo by Bratton.

MISS LOUISE SIMMS, A PRETTY AMATEUR WHO DESIRES TO HAVE IT UNDERSTOOD THAT SHE WAS BORN TO STARTLE THE WORLD.

We in turn desire to inform the young lady that the world isn't a bit afraid. It's ready for all the startles she can spring, singly or in bunches.

EXTRAVAGANCE.

Wife—How people gaze at my new dress. I presume they wonder if I've been shopping in Paris.

Husband—More likely they wonder if I've been robbing a bank.

DIFFERENT.

Haskell—What's Bobby crying for?

Mrs. Haskell—Oh! the poor boy caught his finger in the pantry door.

Haskell—H'm! that evidently wasn't the jam he was looking for that time.

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IN THE SIXTY-NINTH.

Colonel—What is strategy in war? Give me an instance of it.

Captain—Well, strategy is when you don't let the enemy discover that you are out of ammunition, but keep on firing just the same.

A young man can't be sure that a girl is economical, just because she makes one chair do for two.

A SUMMER WISH.

"I would I were a bird"—
That is no wish of mine;
I'd rather be a bottle,
And always full of wine.

WHEN SHE PULLED THE STRING.

1. *Would be Masher*—Ah there, my charming friend with the pretty boa!

2. *The Charming Friend*—It is a pretty boa, isn't it?

TO A SPANISH SEÑORITA.

O Spanish Señorita,
You are a lovely creeter;
You take the bun.
And I also understand your name is Nita.

And Oh, my Señorita,
You really are a beater;
So help me bob,
You make me throb
Like a started-up steam heater.

But yet, my Señorita,
I'm not a cruel cheater;
So I say, "tut-tut,"
Your lovely—but
The American Girl is sweeter!

S. P. B.

HARD LUCK.

A—These are times that try financial souls. I'm suffering loss after loss.

B—How much did you lose this week?

A—Ten thousand dollars, and the worst of it is that one thousand of them were my own.

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HIS MARVELLOUS FEAT.

Stranger—Beg pardon, sir, but you have it in your power to do me a great favor, and one that I will gladly repay.

Bankrupt (sadly)—I? I am afraid you have made a mistake. I am of no use to anybody. I have just failed for $1,100,000 with no assets.

"So I heard."

"You know it, and yet you say I can be of service to you?"

"Yes, sir. I beg you will not refuse."

"But what can a miserable bankrupt like me do for anyone?"

"I want you to tell me, sir, how you got so much credit."

NOT WANTED.

Druggist—Bad to take? Not at all. It has a very agreeable taste. The children, sir, will cry for it.

Customer (father of nine, hastily)—Then give us some other preparation, please.

MISS ALBERTA GALLATIN, POINTING TO HER VERY PRETTY RIGHT EAR, WHICH IS UNDER COVER IN THIS PICTURE.

He—Where is your daughter to-day?

She—Somebody told her an important secret this morning, and she has been going from house to house all day visiting her friends.

HER IMPRESSION.

Husband—What did you think when you heard the chandelier fall in the night?

Wife—I thought that you had been detained on "business" again, and were getting upstairs as quietly as you could.

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Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

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FERD. T. HOPKINS,
Proprietor,
37 Great Jones Street,
NEW YORK.

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"That Frenchman called me an apricot last night."

"Heavens, what did he mean"

"He meant a peach, I guess."

"OH, WHAT A NIGHT!"

The Bride—What a glorious night!

The Groom—Yes, it reminds me of the times we used to go cycling.

The Bride—It does?

The Groom—Yes, you in front, you know, and me doing the heavy work at the wheel.

QUITE.

George—I just saw you coming from the conservatory with Miss Goldie. Rather handsome girl, but too reserved for me.

Thomas—Yes. I've just reserved her for life.

THE TROUBLE.

"My friend," said the philosopher, "you should try to be content with what you have."

"I am," said the man who had been grumbling. "It is what I ain't got that I am dissatisfied about."

IT BOTHERED HER.

"My wife was rather worried when I left her this morning."

"What was the trouble?"

"Well, she had been worrying about something or other last night, and this morning she couldn't remember what it was."

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Photo by Miner Co., N. Y.

THOMAS SHEA IN THE NAVAL UNIFORM HE WEARS IN "THE MAN-O-WARS-MAN."

Mr. Shea has made a decided hit in this piece. He has arrived with a rush.

OUGHT TO KNOW.

Chicago Editor—Are you the new reporter?

Chicago Reporter—Yes, sir.

"I'm going to send you out to write up a wedding. Ever have any experience at weddings?"

"Been married four times, sir."

ONE REASON WHY.

Pepys—What makes you say Scumble's comedy is bound to be original?

Rowley—He doesn't know any French.

HIS LABORED EXPLANATION.

Man at the Table—Waiter, these eggs are as hard as a brick. You must have boiled them more than three minutes.

Waiter—Yes, sir; the boss told me always to do more than was asked, that the business might be built up. You only asked to have your eggs boiled three minutes; but to show my willingness to accommodate and to make things agreeable, I boiled 'em six minutes. See?

NOT THE ONLY ONE.

"Our gas-meter is ill, Tom!"

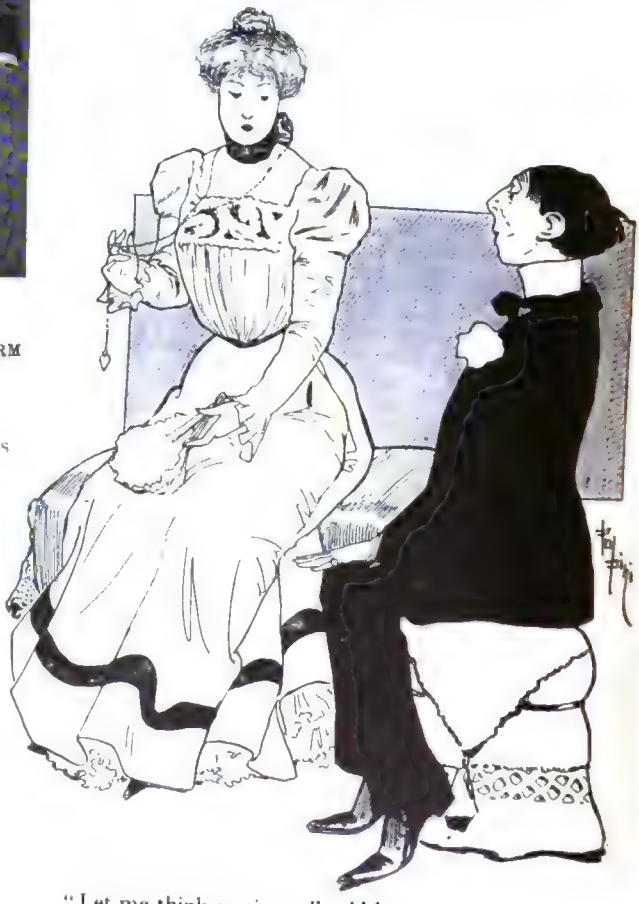
"What's the matter—gastric fever?"

"No, galloping consumption."

THE SIGNS.

Mr. Saphead (during the honeymoon)—When did my little duckie darling first discover that she loved me?

Bride (sweetly)—When I found myself getting angry every time anyone called you a fool.



"Let me think a minute," said he.

"But the doctor said you mustn't overwork yourself," said she.

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HIS COMPLIMENT.

General Ulysses Grant used to tell a story of a soldier in a certain regiment during the war who was continually bothering him by asking favors. Grant one day said to him :—

"Look here, I believe you are the most troublesome man in the Union Army."

The man quickly replied :—

"Why, that is funny, sir!"

"Funny? How do you make it out funny?"

"Because it is just what the enemy says about you.'

BETTER GAME.

Miss Bikeface—So you have given up advocating woman's rights?

Miss Passée—Yes, I now go in for women's lefts.

Miss Bikeface—Women's lefts? What's that?

Miss Passée–Widowers.

"I should tell 'em, Charles, that I shall not have a penny until dear papa is called away."

"Then we must wait with patience for the happy day, dear."

HE PLAIN TRUTH.

"What do you think of the board of directors of the new company?"

"Half of them are people who are capable of nothing, while the rest are capable of anything."

A DROP TOO MUCH.

"Jane," said the mistress, "when that doorbell rings I want you to drop everything and attend to it. Don't let me have to tell you again."

Fifteen minutes later there was an awful crash of china, and Jane hurried to the door. She had obeyed orders.

PRINCESS LETITIA NAPOLEON.
She has nothing to do with Broadway, but she's worth looking at.

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Photo by Chickering.

MISS EDNA MAY, THE YOUNG AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA, WHO WENT ABROAD WITH THE CASINO COMPANY AND MADE AN INSTANTANEOUS HIT IN "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK."

She is the wonder of the London Johnnies. She always dines at home

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Photo by Morrison.

MADELINE BOUTON WHO HAS BEEN DARING FORTUNE IN "A TARRYTOWN WIDOW."
She did'nt get rich out of the venture.

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Remover of Wrinkles

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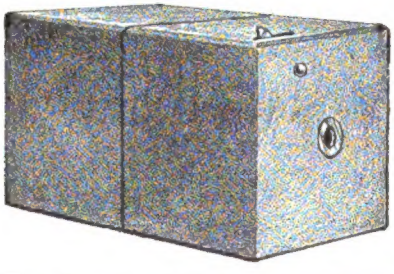

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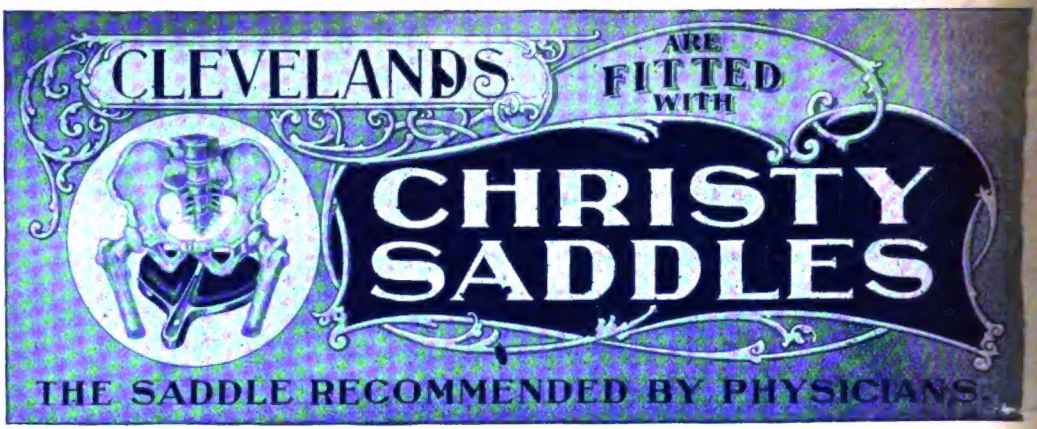

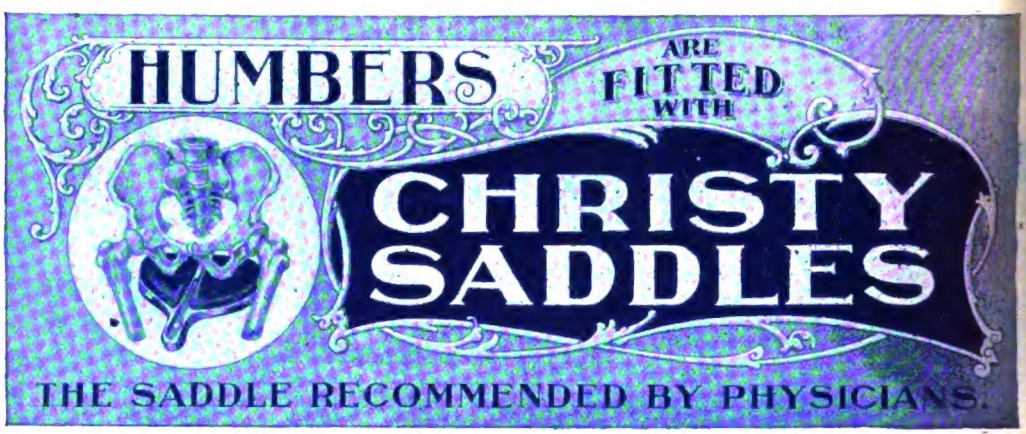

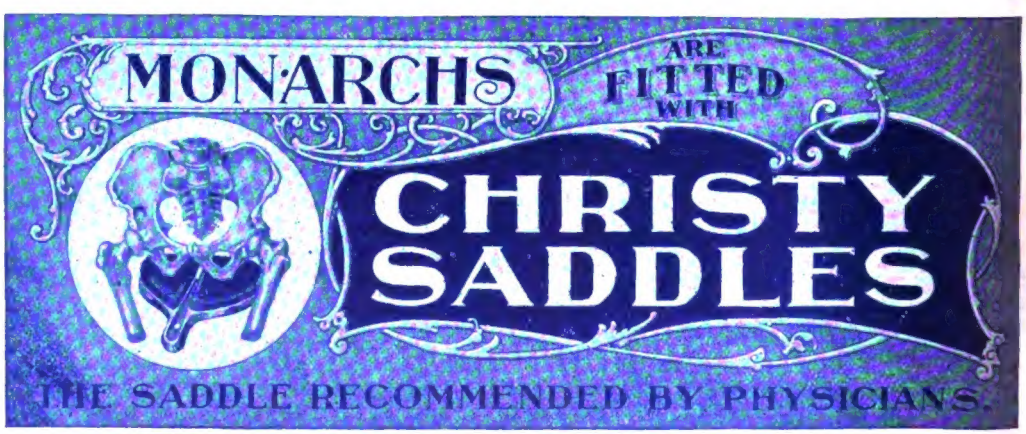

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